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EDITORIAL

Since the death of William James we have heard little about Pragmatism; and we wonder why. Was it because that system of thought, on this side of the Atlantic, got off to a wrong start, and the error has never been wholly rectified in the popular mind; or was it because the thought has been quietly taken up and incorporated as a helpful ingredient in that intellectual salad which we call Modern Philosophy? However that may be, the significance of Pragmatism for us moderns lies in the fact that it emphasizes the obligation of choice on our part. We can choose; and we must choose. The obligation is growing more peremptory each year.

Two factors are involved in the process: Man, and Experience. Man, the thinking, remembering, hoping, idealistic creature, stands at the receiving end. Experience, like a brisk breeze of wind, blows against him bearing a myriad little seedlings. Each seedling is a germ of untold future possibilities, good or bad, bane or blessing, pain or pleasure. Packed away in its tiny bulk lie the embryonic possibilities of wealth or poverty, fame or shame, success or failure. Most of the seedlings go right by the man unnoticed. Some hit him on brow or cheek, and fall off. A few get entangled in the tentacles of his attention; are seized and held in his mind; nurtured, developed, matured to the full extent of their potentials; and ultimately constitute reality for him, that which is true or actual, his fate, his life.

At first nothing but blind chance will determine which and what these captured and appropriated seedlings shall be. Man at the receiving end has done nothing to discriminate; he has simply taken the seedlings that happened to stick to him, and out of them he has built up his reality. He is rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief, doctor, lawyer, or merchant chief according to the nature of the seedlings that have accidentally lodged in the meshes of his attention.

We have all noted it, and wondered at it: the part that mere luck has played in the fashioning of our lives. "It was lucky for me that I met that man when I went fishing that afternoon thirty-eight years ago." "What a stroke of luck it was that I saw and answered that ad in the 'Help wanted' column, the week I graduated from college!" Pascal reminds us that if Cleopatra's nose had happened to be half an inch longer the history of the world would be different today.

English Pragmatism maintains that we do not have to leave the determination of our fate to chance. We ourselves are quite competent to choose the seedlings of causation as they come sailing along; and more often than we think we can make our choice stick. Of recent years man has increased tremendously in knowledge, power, and skill. He is on the way to becoming a master workman, an effective agent, a factor of no mean capacity, able to give reality to plans, actuality to hopes, and fulfillment in substantial fact to wishful thinking. He no longer wishes there were a bridge across the Golden Gate; he goes ahead and builds it. The fact that he is now an efficacious instrument gives him a great popularity with these seedlings of causation that blow constantly in his face. "Here is a Modern Man. If we can capture his fancy he can make us into reality. Let us get entangled in the beard of his attention." It is no mere whimsy. Man can do the job; the question is, What job shall he do? Here are these seedlings of causation, each one representing an embryonic sequence of consequences that may lead on to fame and fortune, or to the shallows and shipwrecks of self-betrayal and frustration. Which shall it be?

That is too important a question to be decided by chance. Man must be the chooser as well as the factor. We must learn how to assert our own preferences; how to recognize the nature and worth of these seedlings as they sweep upon us; how to reach and jump and seize a good one which might whirl by unnoticed; how to distinguish a worthless one that has already lodged, and pluck it out and cast it from us. That is the task for every thoughtful person. The forces of our life are getting out of hand, running wild. They must be controlled by far-sighted, benevolent intelligence.

That there is such an Intelligence at work in our world was the confident faith of Jesus. The sooner we follow his lead, recognize our own powers and responsibilities, and make ourselves what he aimed to be: loyal incarnations of that Eternal Intelligence, His purpose, His hope, the better will it be for ourselves and everybody else.

C. E. P.

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NOT WHERE YOU ARE BUT WHAT YOU ARE

Rev. Edward J. Manning

"The things which are not seen are eternal." II Cor.

One of the strangest characteristics of many people is the tendency to assume that perfection can be had by a change of scenery. So widespread is this trait that we have a proverb which expresses it: "Distant fields are always green." I recall that, many years ago, I came upon a verse of doggerel poetry which makes up in truth what it lacks in literary quality:

"It's a part of nature, human,
To be always frettin', fumin',
And to want to wander hither, yon and thence.
And most every youthful fellow,
Like a cow, is prone to bellow
For the grass that grows on the other side of the fence."

Not so long ago a friend of mine moved to Arizona. He had always wanted to go to Arizona. He knew nothing about the place, save for the descriptions which he had read of it. If only he could live in Arizona, he knew that he would be happy. Well, he now lives in that state, but I am not so certain that it has fulfilled all of his expectations, for it is not the locality that counts so much as it is the man. This idea that Utopia is just over the hill, assumes that the important things are the externals; whereas, the truth is that a change of scenery will not compensate for any lack of skill on the part of the actors. A company of fine actors and actresses can give a successful play without any scenery. A group of poor players will fail, however splendid the scenic effects may be.

This is the truth that was at the heart of St. Paul's great saying: "While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen, for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

You may live in surroundings which are flawless. The architecture of your house may be of the finest, the view unsurpassed, the furnishings the last word in good taste. All things that your heart craves may be yours, and yet you may be restless and discontented, for mere things can never be an adequate substitute for a mind that has within its keeping its own sovereignty.

No matter where you may go, there you will find those visitations which are the commonplace lot of all men. Disappointment, frustration, fear, anxiety, loss, sickness, bereavement—no change of scenery can dispense with these untoward isues of life. It is what you are—not where you are—that counts.

All of us have been horrified at the stories of the barbarous treatment inflicted on American prisoners of war by the Chinese and Korean communists during the Korean episode. It is hard to understand how any human beings could have withstood the ordeals through which so many of our American servicemen have passed. As we read these tales, with their record of bestial conduct toward helpless victims, the one fact that shines through the sorry details is the fortitude, the stoicism, the sheer will to life, which made it possible for more than one prisoner to survive hardships which were seemingly beyond human endurance. For there are springs of human courage which are never tapped, save in the hour of emergency. When the crisis comes men often surprise themselves more than they surprise their fellowmen by revelations of strength, heroism and the power to face situations from which it would be natural to recoil. The crisis, however, unlocks the hidden sources of power, and strength adequate to meet the emergency comes forth.

It is of some of these sources of power that I would speak with you on this Sunday morning.

First, there is power in the thought that there is real significance in the life of every human being.

All true religion emphasizes the importance of the individual. You are a unique creation. Out of all the billions that have ever lived upon this planet your life is different. There has never been anyone exactly like you—there never will be any one exactly like you. You have qualities which you can mediate to the world which will make it a better place, simply because you have lived in it. It does not matter whether you are rich or poor, high in the social scale or low, learned or uneducated, your life is significant. It is significant, because you can stand for the greatest things in human life. Ralph Waldo Emerson, the great Unitarian Philosopher, Poet and Essayist once spoke of "representative men." He meant by that that there are men who are known by the things for which they stand.

When you think of Abraham Lincoln, you think of magnanimity—you think of one who was so human that he could not find it within his great heart to bear the grudge, even toward men he knew were his enemies. "With malice toward none, with charity for all; with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right."

When you think of courage, you think of some Socrates, drinking his cup of poison hemlock, and facing death unafraid, because he knows that he has been true to the best insights of his own soul. When you think of forgiveness—you recall that scene outside the City gate, where

once the figure of the finest that humanity has known hung in anguish upon a cross—and from that cross there echoes down the long arches of the years the cry: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

A candle is a tiny thing in comparison with the sun. And yet, it shares this in common with the great source of light—it, too, can shed its rays into the darkness, and help to dispel the darkness and there are times when the feeble light of the candle may be of more practical value than the full, noon-day rays of the sun.

Cynics are forever taking delight in poking fun at Man's insignificance in the universe. Looking out upon the vastness of inter-stellar space, Harry Elmer Barnes once exclaimed: "Astronomically speaking, man is insignificant." And George Albert Coe came back at him by saying: "Astronomically speaking, man is the astronomer." To be sure, our earth is a midge among the planets. To be sure, any individual standing upon this speck of dust, lost in the immensity of space, is, quantitatively speaking, microscopic. But—Man's greatness does not consist in his size—but in the thoughts that flame from his mind, for in him, and in him alone, does this vast cosmos find meaning. The world of matter, whirling out there in the infinite blue of heaven, is unconscious of itself. Man—tiny Man—from his vantage place upon earth—is conscious of himself, and of the universe of which he is such an infinitesimal part. Through Man, the universe becomes intelligible, and through the individual person that which is highest and best in life—the qualities which we call "spiritual" —become incarnate.

Yes, it does not matter so much where you are—amidst the swirling throngs of the great City—or among the islands of the sea—what really does matter is what you are—your ability to make your life representative of those characteristics which are the distinguishing mark of Man's greatness. When people think of you —as think of you they will—what thoughts flash into their minds? Your real worth is not disclosed in a financial statement, or in the social register, but in the virtues which find in you the sacramental channel through which they are manifested to the world. Again, there is power in the thought that in a very real sense of the word, you are the master of your fate.

Have you ever seen a derelict at sea? I shall never forget one eventful day when I stood at the rail of a steamer, and gazed out across the storm-tossed Atlantic, and saw, dimly through the fog, a schooner tossing about in the angry sea. It was a tragic sight to see that beautiful vessel the helpless victim of the waves. The violence of the storm had washed away the rudder, and so the proud ship was a prey to every wave that dashed against her sides. There are people who resemble that derelict. They are cast about by every vagrant whim, and they are at the mercy of whatever wind of circumstances may blow. But there are others whose hands are firmly held upon the tiller of their lives—and they steer with unerring skill toward the port which is their destination.

Whenever we think of Man confronting Fate, there is a tendency to conjure up the spectre of misfortune in its many guises. We think of some one who has lost, and yet perseveres until he recoups. We think of one who has drunk the bitter cup of betrayed friendship, and yet refuses to become distrustful of all men. We think of one who, having experienced that bitterest of all blows—the loss through death of some one near and dear, yet faces life with courage and finds solace in active benevolence for others, rather than indulgence in the luxury of self-pity. And yet—I wonder if the ability to master life is not more strikingly displayed in those instances where success crowns one as a favorite? One thing is certain—for every man who is able to meet with fortitude and courage the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune—there are a hundred who are unable worthily to wear the laurels of triumph. Success is heady wine, and he is a rare person who is able to withstand its fumes.

All of us have known persons who were charming, fine, considerate—the epitome of all that we most esteem in our friends. And then, sometimes through their own ability, sometimes through a freak turn of life's wheel, these persons have found themselves in places of preferment. They have scaled the coveted heights of success. I tell you—that is when character is put to its greatest test. How does a man conduct himself when he has really achieved the prize toward which all men cast longing eyes?

I once knew a man who made up his mind that he would be successful in his chosen work, cost what it might. He did succeed—but in so doing, he cast aside the friends who had contributed so much to the enrichment of his life. He had no use for those who did not count for something in his onward march toward the goal. And so—at last he was "a success" — but what a poor, shriveled soul he was! He had made money, he had acquired "position," he received the fawning praise of the sychophants who are ever ready to lick the boots of those who sit in the seats of the mighty—but he had lost something which outweighed all his gold and silver—he had lost a personality which had once upon a time radiated good will and nobility.

Yes, life does strange things to all of us. Disaster crashes down upon us—sometimes without the slightest warning. Good fortune may come to us—and it may be the result of fortuitous circumstances, rather than our own efforts. One

thing remains clear—you and I can, if we will so to do—be the masters of our destiny. In Kipling's famous words—we can look at "triumph and disaster, and treat those two impostors both alike."

Once a garrulous visitor said to a woman who had suffered a severe affliction: "My, how tragedy does color one's life!" And the sufferer replied: "Yes, tragedy does color one's life, but I intend to select the color!"

Not where you are—but what you are—and you alone can make yourself the victim or the master of life.

Finally, there is power in the thought that you can help to make history, even though you may never be recorded in its pages. One of the greatest errors into which you can fall is the error of underestimating the power of goodness to triumph in the end. Evil is always coarse and blatant. Evil is loud-mouthed and blustering. Goodness, on the other hand, is gentle and unobtrusive. It does not push its way through the crowd; it prefers to stand and wait until it is recognized. Thus it is that evil often seems to be much more powerful than it really is, just as a boor is more noticeable than a gentleman. But —in the long run, it is goodness that carries the day. The proof of this is found in the history of the human race. If we are today, in spite of many faults, on the way toward becoming spiritual beings, it is because the goodness which our forefathers made evident triumphed over the savagery and brutality of their contemporaries. Evil carries within itself the seeds of its own destruction. Goodness shines by its own light, and commands by its own might.

Every day you and I are presented with opportunities to take sides in this ceaseless warfare between good and evil. We can, of our own free will, choose which side is to win our allegiance. But there is something other than our own freedom of choice to be considered. However we decide, our decision will help one cause and hinder the other. If, in any given circumstance, we cast our lot with evil—then goodness is to that extent retarded. This is a day when there is a frightful resurgence of all that is base in our humanity. Evil stalks abroad in our world, and many there are who are caught by its contagious influence. And just because Evil is so powerful at the moment, you and I have a rare chance to strengthen the arm of Goodness. In a day of hatred we can lessen the power of hatred by resolving to radiate the spirit of good will. In a day when prejudice rears its ugly head and casts its malign spell upon so many—you and I can vow to look upon our fellowmen with an eye single to their worth as individuals, and not to judge them in wholesale fashion, according to the label which the collective approbrium of the community places upon them. In a time when selfishness is in the saddle, we can make our contribution to the cause of righteousness by striving to make real in our own lives the beauty of that spirit which "seeketh not her own." And in a day when tongues wag carelessly, and reputations are sullied, as though they were not the most precious possessions of men and women—we can stand porter at the door of speech, and when we cannot say a constructive word, we can at least preserve that silence which chills the ardor of the scandal monger.

And we can hasten the triumph of the right, by being loyal to the royal in ourselves. We can think so highly of our destiny as makers of history, that we shall be firm in our adherence to that which we believe to be the right, in scorn of consequences. In his little book "Twelve Tests of Character" the author relates this experience of a great thinker: "Spinoza, the philosopher, lived long ago and ground and polished lenses for a living while he thought great thoughts of God. Louis XIV offered him pension and patronage if he would dedicate even one book to His Majesty. But Spinoza did not approve of Louis XIV, and so he continued to polish lenses and to live with his thoughts." Just so! The triumph of righteousness is not spectacular, like a tidal wave, dashing upon the shore and carrying everything before it. Rather is the triumph of the right like the gentle rain which falls upon the parched earth, and quickens it, so that the barren places become gardens, and the desert blossoms with the rose.

You and I have inherited a civilization which was bought with a great sum of human blood and sweat and tears. It is our privilege to pass this great gift from the past on to future generations enriched by the sacrifices and the loyalties which we have made in its behalf.

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, our trust is evermore in thee, and we would keep that trust as a song within our hearts. When the night is dark and the day is dreary may that song be with us. Let not the day's discouragements depress us, nor its failures find us weak or helpless. But because we have thy song of love within our hearts, may we march to heavenly music, and ever go upon our way rejoicing. *Amen.*

PAUL REVERE FROTHINGHAM

THE EDITOR'S BLUNDER

Please forgive it.

When the present Editor-in-chief took over two years ago, he was handed a large manila envelope containing that indispensable commodity known as the "backlog" of manuscripts available for publication as necessity might dictate. Necessity made her requisition when the actual make-up of the May 1955 number revealed the need of a half-page more of copy. The Editor searched the back-log and found exactly what he wanted —an article by Rev. Ralph E. Kyper entitled "We Want to be Unitarians." It was skillfully written, perfectly honest and forthright, and dealt with a matter that must sooner or later be faced and settled. The article was published, and at once the protests began to come in; the first and most vigorous from the author himself, who insisted that he be given full opportunity to explain and set himself right in the eyes of his fellow-ministers. His article "Postscript" is herewith printed and does him credit. Meanwhile the Editor takes this opportunity to acknowledge his blunder, assume all the blame, and lay his sincerest apologies on the line. He should have consulted the author before printing an article written six years ago.

"POSTSCRIPT"

Ralph E. Kyper

In the May issue of THE UNITARIAN CHRISTIAN appeared a piece written by me *nearly six years ago* during my brief association with the Christian Fellowship. Out of its context of time and circumstance it has little meaning, can only lead to misunderstanding, and its appearance at this late date is regretted.

Five or six years ago our fellowship was torn by sharp controversies arising from extremes of both right and left, which happily have receded into the background. It was the end of the period of the "Committee of Fourteen" and "Unitarian Advance." Freemindism and universal religion were then the standards that were to unite us. And some of us, right-of-center in our thinking, feeling that our tradition must have content as well as method, were troubled even by this tendency. A few in my circle of contacts were wondering how long we could continue in a fellowship given over to such religious emptiness. This was the burden of my article.

This has changed. In subsequent years our denominational life has been much more harmonious, the influence of blatant humanism has declined, and a more recognizably religious emphasis can be discerned. While some may choose to continue the futile battles of yesterday, it is my clear duty and intention to go along with the denominational program, free to raise such criticisms as have point and constructive purpose.

While I repudiate no convictions, I must point out that the article in the form in which it appeared does not represent my present attitudes. References to Lenten manuals and religious education materials are simply out of date. And, had I been consulted, the manuscript would have been withdrawn or the article completely rewritten.

ON TEACHING RELIGION TO COLLEGE STUDENTS

John Wesley Robb

There is no more difficult task within the teaching profession than teaching religion to college students and maybe it is because religion cannot be taught.

The present resurgence of religious interest within colleges and universities is predicated, to a large extent, upon the assumption that an intellectual encounter with the unique issues and contributions of religion will stifle the secular appeal of our culture and will help make a new society out of the existing one. At best, this is only a half-truth.

As Plato contended, virtue is not taught, moral insight is not gained by the payment of tuition fees or the submission of the mind to the erudition of a Ph.D.; the source for insight is of far different origins.

Let us take the average crew-cut college young man who looks over the schedule of classes. He has two or three units of electives in order to complete his fifteen-unit program and so he leafs through the schedule for a course. He is aware that religion has had some connection with our national heritage and also he has heard the admonition by many of our national leaders that a return to faith is important to our future, but he does not know why this may or may not be true. But at least a course in religion is a live option, while, if he had been a student fifteen years ago, such a course probably would

not have been considered. So he may settle for a course in "World Religions" and, if his religious attitudes are somewhat fixed, he may wander into a course in the "Life and Religion of Jesus." Thus, having stumbled into such a course either out of curiosity or out of a deeper interest, he begins to look critically, perhaps for the first time, at religion.

At first, he doesn't know what to make of it since religion has always represented answers and not questions. When he discovers the professor of religion is just as acute and critical in his methodology as professors in the sciences he becomes aware that the application of his mind to the subject matter is essential to his academic survival. Many times this is a rude shock because religion has been cast within his own mind as a sentimental, non-cognitive expression of feeling. After all, no one thinks about religious questions.

Having jarred the student from his slumber, what is the next step? And here too many courses in religion fail. Frequently the instructor feels that his task is done if College-Joe has been stimulated to think. And indeed this is an important step. But the second step is equally important, to help the student develop his own religious point of view, at least start him on his way. Such guidance calls for wisdom and patience and cannot be accomplished within the classroom alone; it entails careful counsel in the office, on the campus and wherever the student feels like opening his mind to the instructor.

In such an informal encounter the theoretical issues studied take on new meaning and significance. The emotional problems incurred by a more liberal approach to religion than that to which the student has been accustomed, come out into the open and the student begins to grow. It takes both the classroom and the more informal relationship of personal discussion to achieve this end. Thus the *feel* for religion, in its most profound sense, is aroused and each individual's development is considered within the framework of his own unique background and experience. The intellectual disciplines of the library and classroom are coupled with the warmth of personal concern and contact.

All students are not ready to face the issues of religion in this manner. But for those who are psychologically prepared to begin the personal quest for religious meaning, such an approach is stimulating and rewarding.

Too often religion is taught in 18th century fashion. The mind is inculcated with the arguments and answers of theological sophistry in order to meet the attack of the doubting mind. But such a rational exercise is not teaching religion. Religion's contribution to life is not correct thinking, as important as that might be, it is the development of the individual's whole self, the nurture of his creative capacities as he learns to live within the dynamic context of the universe and society. Whitehead's re-examination of religion's role, at this point, has been of inestimable value.

If the current interest in religion be either an intellectual drill, on the one hand, or an emotional and sentimental escapade on the other, it is doomed to fail because either emphasis, standing alone, is limited to only one facet of man's nature.

Though the primary concern within the academic community is the development of the student's rational abilities and capacities, the teaching of religion cannot be left here; if so, it will have only superficial significance. Provoking and stimulating an appreciation for the values of a religious response to life calls for a balanced emphasis recognizing, full well, the truth of the statement that religion cannot be taught. Only as such a condition of academic equilibrium, as we have described, is achieved will the present interest in religion be meaningful and dynamic.

PRAYER

Grant, O Almighty Father, that as our days on earth are multiplied, we may attain to a clearer sense of the value of time, and a more faithful use of passing opportunities. Save us from indolence, from indifference to truth, from the moral death. May the religion of our Master kindle in our hearts the flame of love and piety. Wilt thou answer our prayers with the influence of thy Holy Spirit, so that, partaking more and more of thy divine nature, we may resemble thee more and more in the constancy of our deeds of active charity; and that, when we enter the dark valley of the shadow of death, we may carry the remembrance of a life full of worship and service. Grant we beseech thee that all words of truth that we have heard this day may be grafted in our understanding, and bring forth fruits of good living and action, to the honor and praise of thy name, through Jesus Christ our Lord: Amen.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE

A NEW HYMN

"Let me write a nation's songs, and I care not who writes her laws." Whoever said that realized that laws appeal to the intellect while songs appeal to the feelings and the will. The nation whose laws are backed up by its songs is lucky. But when the songs ridicule or resent the laws there is trouble ahead. Remember "Lillibolero," and "Wearing of the Green," and "They've got to stop Kicking my Dog around." All this applies as well to religion. A hymnless religion is pedestrian. When it produces hymns it is at its best.

It is with genuine pride that THE UNITARIAN CHRISTIAN calls attention to the honor that has been done it by our foremost Unitarian hymn writer, Dr. Marion Franklin Ham. He has written a new hymn, "The Journey of Life," which makes its first public appearance in the pages of this issue. THE UNITARIAN CHRISTIAN has its full share of modesty, and perhaps a little more than its proper share of humility. At such a moment both of these virtues are cheerfully cast to the winds, and their place is taken by a violent spasm of good old-fashioned jubilation.

This publication of ours is not a money-making enterprise. It boasts several most generous friends who share with the Editorial Board the feeling that the kind of literature we publish should be looked upon as our bread cast on the waters. Was it not Emerson who, on being charged with plagiarism, replied: You can trust me to take what is mine wherever I see it? It is our hope that some readers, the more the better, may find in these pages something that is theirs, something that answers their questions, or expresses their own thought. To such people the right of appropriation is most freely granted. If they see fit to observe the amenities of ordinary courtesy by making mention of author or publication, we, being human, will of course be gratified. But that is their business. With these sentiments Dr. Ham is in entire agreement.

Some poets get into the habit of composing their lines with a definite tune, or at least a metre running through their heads. They say Kipling had the habit. When Dr. Ham was asked if any such tune helped him out in the writing of this hymn he merely replied: "As to the question of a tune, I think that Old 124th (page 332 in 'Hymns of the Spirit') would serve admirably. It fits the words, and expresses the mood of the author when he wrote them. It is a simple, straight-forward, pleasing melody and, best of all, 'singable,' a tune that any congregation can sing off-hand without fumbling it. If this tune seems suitable, the words: 'Suggested tune, Old 124th,' could be printed with the hymn." Here is the hymn.

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE

Lead me, O Lord, in thy righteousness. *Psalms.*

by Marion Franklin Ham

O Gracious Father, stay our stumbling feet;
  The way is long, its perils are unknown;
We falter in the stress of toil and heat;
  Walk Thou with us, we cannot walk alone.

Hold Thou the hands of flesh which Thou hast made,
  That cannot keep their feeble hold on Thee;
Like heedless children who are not afraid,
  We walk on pit-falls that we cannot see.

Our human strength is as the strength of dust
  That swirls upon the air and sinks to rest;
With halting steps we walk, and blindly trust
  The Unseen Power that holds us to our quest.

Vain is the boast that mortals have no need
  Of any power or help that God can give;
But while our lips are voicing such a creed,
  Our dying bodies need Thy power to live.

Thou art our life, our light upon the way,
  Our strength, our hope, our ever-faithful Friend;
O Father, love us, lead us day by day,
  To life's fulfillment at the journey's end.

Dr. George A. Gordon used to say that real religion is always on the best of terms with humor; and that he could never fully trust the religion of a humorless man. After all, "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh"; he must find frequent occasion to do so as he contemplates the actions of these funny little creatures called Mankind. Be that as it may, Dean Sperry used to say that real religion never reaches its full expression till it strikes the lyric note, and bursts forth into song. To politics song may be incidental; or to pedagogy, or science, or business. But to religion it is essential. For there ought to be something in every person's religion that can be satisfied with nothing less than musical expression. No other means of communication is adequate.

Perhaps the most serious criticism to be made of our present mood and spirit in religion is that so few of us are producing hymns. Where are our younger hymn-writers? It was not ever thus. Unitarians in the past have done far more than their proportionate share in supplying Christianity with great hymns. Is our hymnody just another war casualty? Has our type of religion lost the power to stir the human soul to its very foundations and awaken unsuspected powers of expression? It is greatly to be hoped that Dr. Ham's new hymn will act as a nudge in the ribs to awaken the slumbering muse.

COME YE YOURSELVES APART

Ford Lewis

We are fond of the quotation carved in the redwood panelling at the back of our chancel which reads: "The place where men meet to seek the highest is holy ground." It reminds us that the church is not primarily a place but a process, and that wherever the search for truth and meaning and beauty goes on, that place is dignified and hallowed by it.

Suppose we should alter this saying to read: "The place where men come apart to seek the highest is holy ground." This shifts the emphasis from the group to the individual, and changes the meaning radically. It suggests that we need to get alone sometimes and do some personal soul searching. Democracy operates by group processes. When faced with a problem we form another committee or organize another meeting, almost by reflex action. But the effectiveness of our group efforts in church or community depends on the quality of thought and preparation each of us brings to that effort out of his own unique experience. It depends, as Whitehead says of our religion, on what we do with our solitariness.

"Come apart"; that is an interesting phrase. There are more ways than one of coming apart. We are more aware of the need to stick together. Everyone remembers Franklin's advice to the thirteen colonies that they had better hang together unless they wanted to hang separately. People still need to work together, and for more than defensive reasons. We need to meet to seek the highest. But unless we also learn to come apart with some regularity, to be alone, away from the erosive influences of the workaday world, we tend to come apart inside, and the results are tragic.

Moses was alone with Jethro's flocks when he received the divine mandate to lead his people out of serfdom. Jesus was alone in the wilderness, Buddha under the Bo tree, and George Fox on Pendle Hill when each had the liberating and transforming experience which launched them on careers as religious innovators. This is the great tradition we are apt to lose unless we relearn the creative use of silence.

LIFE DEPENDS ON LISTENING

Lawrence Marvin Jaffe

Today's text is to be found reinforced in each of our readings but it is stated in The Order of Service best — "Silence will follow the morning prayer." Week after week as you observe this precious moment of silence have you thought to find in it the chief fact about our Religion? In this moment of silence which we share we are at the same time reminded of our individuality —our solitariness. We have the chance to tune in then on the still small voice as Elijah did. We look as Jesus advised, *within* for the Kingdom of God. We let the explosions and the discordant voices pass around us and instead search with Seneca for the meaning or end of Being. We ask ourselves as Carlyle would ask of any man or nation, "What is our Religion?" and "Is this a Religion which is the chief fact with regard to us?"

Very often we think of our Religion and of ourselves as exemplifying the best of group cooperation. Our social Gospel translated into Service Committees in this century speaks for us. We are a Fellowship which believes that Faith is shown by works and we act together. Sometimes we become so engrossed in acting together, in serving, in co-operating, in showing our works that we slight our fundamental premise that our *works* are derived from, and are to show forth, our Faith. Before we can contribute lasting value to our society, to each other, we have to undergird ourselves alone, each as an individual. We have to go with James Martineau "Into the Silence."

There are two realities to be perceived in silence. The first is the reality of *"other"*—the grandeur of the Universe and our relationship to it. Knowing this reality is the result of turning quietly to seek and find that "The Kingdom of God is within you"—not external, not to be blue-printed as Utopia or achieved by sweeping social reform but to be made real by self dedication to living in terms of the Kingdom within.

The second reality is the moral individual self touching upon the great other—the still small voice demanding above the external storm the realization that the chief fact about ourselves is what each "feels himself to be spiritually." Albert Schweitzer puts this better than I,

> "We do not have enough inwardness, we are not sufficiently preoccupied with our own spiritual life, we lack quietness; and this not only because in our exacting busy existence it is difficult to obtain, but because, ignoring its importance, we do not take pains to secure it, being too easily contented with living our lives as unrecollected men who merely aim at being good."

This is what I mean by "Life Depends on Listening." Real living derives direction from

the fullness of silent meditation—the enveloping, compelling silence. Real church life depends upon the drawing together of individuals who have first had the courage to draw apart as Moses went upon Mt. Sinai to receive the tablets and Jesus spent his forty days in the desert. Vitality in social reform requires the prior vigor of soul-searching in silence. This belief has grown with me since attending IRF Executive Committee meetings in Copenhagen in 1948. Johannes Dragsdahl then said, "In America you rely upon your church activities because you expect to continue to enjoy your open churches. Here we must be prepared for the closing of our churches and going underground with our Faith. We ought to think what we would carry underground as our belief to sustain us." This young Dane was saying that Carlyle was right—the chief fact relating to man is his religion—more than profession of creedal words—more is "the thing a man does practically lay to heart and know for certain." What we know for certain we are more apt to have learned in silence.

Let me illustrate: in one sheet of suggestions for teachers on our office Bulletin Board is the reminder that a classroom should be a "listening environment" rather than a "telling" one. Here is meant that the Teacher-teller wants the children to learn—she places herself in their position so she can make them want to learn rather than keep them attentive to her interest in telling. Isn't this woefully true of us who preach? We build our services around a "message" which we want to put across. We educate and entertain—we almost forget the purposeful silence.

Another illustration: Last year I attended Graduation Exercises for the California School for the Deaf. I watched the children "Sign" their prayers. I watched the invited chaplain simultaneously speak and sign his Invocation, and I wondered what it would be like to preach to a deaf congregation. If you will dwell upon that picture a moment the relevance of silence in Worship becomes clearer. Someone has said that "To love is to communicate in Silence" or to be able to be silent in the same language. Words by the very preciseness of their meanings divide. Definition delimits and thereby excludes the undefined. Perhaps this is what was meant by "The letter Killeth but the spirit giveth Life." In shared silence there is a wholeness. Inarticulate communication unites each human being with the vast reservoir of other like isolated souls who have individually found the presence at the heart of the Universe.

On a small scale you can test the validity of this by observing two old friends meeting after a long separation. Chances are they will exchange few significant words but they will *know* all that each requires to know of the other after they have shaken hands and looked at each other. They will be reunited.

Talk is cheap today and our world is full of sound. There are distracting voices shouting "Lo here, lo there," life depends on "Blue Cheer" or "Cobalt bombs" or asking the "man who owns one" or who is least insulted at Geneva. Soren Kierkegaard has this prescription:

> "The present state of the world and the whole of life is diseased. If I were a doctor and were asked for my advice, I should reply: Create Silence! Bring men to silence. The word of God cannot be heard in the noisy world of today."

Life really depends on listening; listening to the still small voice. How much of today's frustration do you suppose is due to the fact that we are always having to shut out? We mentally turn off the commercials. We talk while radio or phonograph music is "ignored." Most social visitation either competes with or centers around "TV." We are deluged with printed words until we scarcely have time or vision left for the unhurried panorama of the seasons in their inexorable, orderly change. Wordless wonder is quickly translated into analysis, categorizing, "look it up," "define," "write a review," "prepare a critique of a review, ad infinitum."

Lest we ourselves get momentarily lost in this jargon jungle, let me hasten to assure you that the incongruity of a Preacher trying to argue against verbal proofs has amused me but not dissuaded me from trying to defend Life's dependence upon listening to Silence.

Have you shared *this* experience? You have an idea which you feel is "big." You try to explain it and you seem to belittle your insight? I think this is why we sense this. Inspiration is essentially wordless thought. We perceive it intuitively as Plato would lead us to eternal forms or Immanuel Kant discovered the realm of Pure Reason. When we try to describe our inspiration we have to use words which are by their nature inadequate. What we perceived through life giving spirit we try to squeeze into ill-fitting, death-dealing letters. We need to meditate in silence. We prepare for this experience together. We can tell what occupies our minds. We do communicate part of our meaning but we do not answer for each other by words who are are, or why we are. To know ourselves, to know the end of being, to understand "the chief fact with regard to man," to hear the still small voice or find the Kingdom within we must go into the silence. There the inspiration of wholeness illumines our consciousness and we will feel forever inseparable. Progressive cause or purpose reveals itself to us and our confidence is restored.

Life to be lived in its fullest dimension de-

pends on listening. As the old American Indian saying goes, "Listen or thy tongue will keep thee Deaf." Since both breath and printing come easily we are deluged with words. If the same effort were required to prepare a spoken sentence or a printed page as was required to carve letters out of marble for a monument to outlive centuries, we would more often think before we speak. Each word tapped in gold into a rock-hewn inscription would be valued doubly for the effort, the beauty and its rarity. Let us conserve our words. Let us be highly selective in our Listening. Let us develop our intellectual powers of concentration and imagination. Let us discipline ourselves to listen, to tune in on the creative Silence and be inspired.

The Chinese say one picture is worth a 1000 words and perhaps not by accident their characters for writing are symbolic pictures. In the few moments remaining this morning let us experiment with thought pictures. Then in the days ahead let us plan our silences that they may be productive of our Spiritual growth.

Our own great prophet, Ralph Waldo Emerson, has said we should read a little each day which has nothing to do with the work-a-day world but is reading for eternity. How many modern Unitarians are following this high insight of our Denomination's greatest sage?

Now for the pictures: Remember the story of two men walking on a busy city street? One is from the country and one from the city. The country man stops the other and says, "Listen." The other says "to what?" The first man steps inside a doorway and points out a chirping cricket. His companion marvels that so many are passing like himself who did not hear. The rural friend goes on with him a few steps and suddenly drops a quarter on the pavement and ten people stop in their tracks and listen and look. The first man says "You see, you hear what you have trained yourself to listen to!" We are trained to measure wind velocity — to hear the storm—we measure destructiveness and the splitting power of atomic energy—we must—we must for life depends on it—listen to the still small voice and measure the integrating power of serenity of spirit.

Another picture: In the early morning there are bird songs. I seldom hear them but my little boy, who speaks few words as yet, hears them while I am talking and he holds up his hand, smiles and points out the window. "A little child leads" and hearing that bird note I am lifted as Shelley hearing the Skylark.

Picture again the stillness of early morning. It is silent enough to hear the grass blades bending under their burden of dew. A robin comes hopping onto his green breakfast table, cocks his head, listens and finds his food. We, too, if we rise early and try our powers of attentiveness will find our spiritual resources.

Picture, finally, the radiance you have met in the lives of a few individuals. Literally, they shine. Their eyes tell you more than words that they are fully alive. They give meaning to the phrase "beauty of Holiness." These are the individuals who have learned to listen, to draw upon the power of the spirit within and live companioned by the power of the all pervading spirit. These are the rare children of God who know whose children they are and who remind us that we are the same if only we would listen.

Words divide but the spirit unites. Jesus withdrew to the wilderness and returned to the world with a contagious power of the spirit. His Disciples saw the change in him and worshipped. They tried to *tell* what happened but failed to follow him into the silence. Over and over again the lone prophet stands on a mountain peak and listens and knows. But his words are weak echoes of his Life and when he goes on, his faithful worship him and not his God. They form creeds and kill the spirit. Emerson said it is the task of the ministry to find God directly and to challenge each man to acquaint himself first hand with deity.

Believe me, my friends, it is our first job. "He who himself and God would know into the silence let him go." Life depends on Listening.

REPORT OF THE DETROIT CONFERENCE

August 26-30

The Second Joint Biennial Conference of the General Assembly of the Universalist Church of America and the General Conference of the American Unitarian Association was held at Detroit last August 26 through August 30. There were three joint sessions and each group met separately in two business meetings.

The main theme of the Conference throughout was "Man's Confidence in Himself." This was the title of the keynote address on Friday night, August 26, by Mr. Malcolm S. Knowles, Administrative Co-ordinator of the Adult Education Association of the U. S. A. Mr. Knowles presented a brilliant Psychoanalysis of Man's attitude towards himself: if man has confidence in himself he will have confidence in others and, having confidences in others he will have more confidence in himself. This keynote address

did not inspire the delegates with a great deal of religious fervor. The Second Joint Session was a report and summary of the main Theme from discussion groups; there was a panel of about twelve people who talked back and forth without much regard for the subject.

The third and final Joint Session was devoted to reports from the Council of Liberal Churches. There were three very interesting reports: the report of the Acting Administrator, Rev. Raymond C. Hopkins; the report of the Division of Education, by Rev. Ernest W. Kuebler; and the report of the Division of Public Information, by Mr. Donald Gammon. These reports will be found in full in this month's *Christian Register*, and we urge all Unitarians to read them carefully.

The first business session of the American Unitarian Association was devoted to an address by the Moderator, Mr. William Roger Greeley, on the religious and social aims of the Association; also two changes in the By-Laws of the Council of Liberal Churches were proposed and accepted. Although there was not a quorum present at the Second and final Business Meeting, there was some very interesting discussion on the report of Rev. Raymond C. Hopkins, Acting Administrator of the Council of Liberal Churches, on the question of merger. The delegates were in favor of having the churches discuss and decide for themselves as to whether or not they were in favor of merger, and voted to present the following plan to the next May Meeting: There shall be two plebiscites, the first on total merger or Federal Union, the second will be a final vote on whichever plan receives the majority of votes in the first plebiscite.

The Conference closed with a very impressive banquet at which Mr. Norman Cousins, editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, was the main speaker. Men and women who had worked so hard to make the Conference a success were introduced and they received the sincere thanks of all the delegates. It is only fair to report, however, that some of the delegates were a little shocked to find the usual morning devotional services conducted throughout the Conference without a Bible in the church, and without any reference to God. Others were a little dumbfounded when, in place of the responsive reading at the joint Sunday morning service, the Congregation was asked to stand and read a Covenant in which they agreed to forsake the name and tradition of their respective churches and join wholeheartedly in the formation of a new "Free Church."

FREEDOM IN GOD

by Amos B. Horlacher

(Excerpts from a recent address)

In a recent letter to all Unitarian Ministers, Rev. A. Powell Davies asks this question: "Why have we been building up the Unitarian name, more meaningful today than at any time since the 1820's, if we are going to surrender or subdue it now, when it means so much of opportunity?" While he was addressing himself to the immediate question which is to come before the Annual Meeting, my point of reference for this question has to do with such fundamental issues as the nature and content of the "Unitarian Heritage" itself, and the precise nature of our duty, as Unitarians, to transmit it in this hour of trial.

When at the close of the Second World War, I faced the prospect of leaving the Navy Chaplain Corps, and returning to the parish ministry of one of the larger denominations, I asked myself the arresting question whether as a liberal Christian I could do this with honesty and self-respect. I found that I could not. Through the good people of the Lancaster Church I came to learn about the Unitarian Church. In a short time I was licensed as a probationary ministry of the Unitarian Fellowship. I began to receive letters from former colleagues in the ministry, frankly and outspokenly envious of the fortunate circumstances which had enabled me to break away into the freer air of a truly liberal church. They asked me whether I had found what I sought in Unitarianism. I lost no time in giving them this assurance. These Unitarian people believed, acted, spoke and lived a kind and quality of Christianity I had always been seeking. This was a rare and gratifying discovery.

Then, alas, came a measure of disillusionment. At the May Meetings I listened to debates and questions on many subjects; but those which seemed to generate most heat centered around the question of whether the Unitarian Church is a Christian church, or a sort of holding company for all the great faiths of mankind, including what is vaguely referred to as Science. Involved in this over-all question were the subquestions of whether one could be a liberal and remain a theist, of whether he would have to abandon the name of, if not the belief in God; whether or not we are a church speaking to the souls of men, or merely an ethical movement

which seeks to establish right thoughts and right principles of action in the lives of people we touch. After reading and discussion I am persuaded that the Unitarian Church is, and was conceived by its founders to be, a Christian church; that the core of our Unitarian Heritage is precisely that because we are freed from the ignorances, the prejudices and soul-killing restraints of the old Orthodoxies, we have the opportunity to become the most truly effective Christian church of any church that has ever borne the name of Christ; and that the one hundred and thirty years of organized Unitarianism, measured by Jesus' own standards of deeds and character, "by their fruits ye shall know them," gives us as good or better right to the name Christian than any other present or hitherto existing church bearing that title. Is it not our real and specific duty in this hour of moral and spiritual crisis, to maintain and transmit our Unitarian faith and heritage to a world that so sorely needs it?

I believe it is possible to form a generalized statement which comes very near to describing the dynamics of all Unitarian thought and action. It is expressed in the title of a book by Berdayeav: "Freedom in God." This, I suggest, was the liberating force in the souls of Priestly, Channing, Parker, and the noble men and women who followed and honored them. I say this in all charity; but it would seem that some of our co-religionists have so misread our tradition, or misunderstood our heritage that what they are seeking in Freedom from God. These points of view represent no inconsequential difference among friends otherwise united in purpose. They are fundamental. The first is represented by those of us who call themselves Unitarian Christians. The second is represented by what I choose to call "Aggressive Humanist." The phrase requires explanation.

Nobody knows, in the scientific sense of knowing a fact, that there is a God. By the same token, nobody knows that there is not. All of us walk to the edge of the land where facts support us, and there faith begins, or waits. This is as true for the theist as for the humanist. The humanist, by this definition, is humble, questing, and often regrets his inability to believe. We who call ourselves Christians have no quarrel with the "honest doubter." Our concern is for the aggressive humanist who not only does not believe in God under any name or sign, but who regards it as his sworn duty to call and instruct all men to his persuasion, and harbors an especial distaste for the word Christian. Such a man, I protest, is tangent to the Unitarian position and heritage; and since I think so it is only fair and candid on my part to say so.

When an individual contemplates uniting with the Unitarian Church and working in its fold, I would suppose that he would want to, and would, carry out two fundamental intellectual and spiritual operations: first, he would want to inform himself on the historical, ideological, and theological movement in which he contemplates membership. This would furnish him with the "set" or direction of this movement, and should indicate a high degree of predictability of what it will be and do in his lifetime. Second, I would suppose he would engage himself with other, and more experienced, members of the church in some clear, prolonged and earnest thinking on the function of our church today with respect to meeting the spiritual needs of men and women which our church alone, or in co-operation with other liberal churches, is able to fulfill. Admittedly these needs suffer some change as society itself changes, at least in their mode of expression. But it may be seriously doubted whether the fundamental bedrock needs of human beings have or ever will change through the ages. In this respect human nature seems remarkably consistent, as witness the appeal of Sophocles, Homer, and the Bible to men in the Atomic Age. What men sought and found in Unitarianism in the 1820's they seek and should find today; and that is, Freedom in God. The question we must answer is fundamental to the life of our church. Are we likely, with a present-day message and work, to produce in our day such a host of men and women who will contribute as mightily to the civilizing influence, enlightenment, and moral uplift of our times as the earlier breed of Unitarians did in theirs? Or are we so wholly out of sympathy with their ideas, outlook, and spiritual practices that we are their heirs in a purely legal sense only?

These are questions which each one of us must answer for himself. I should like to give my own answer briefly. By and large, I feel that the Unitarian message is not as clear, compelling, and satisfying to the best minds of our day as it was to similar persons a century or so ago. In my view the failure to come to grips with the Ontological Problem—the being of God—is fundamental. In addition, I wonder if we modern Unitarians are as acutely aware of the manifest moral and spiritual needs of our generation as were our spiritual forefathers. Are we not too much given to our private psychological and philosophical problems to be properly concerned for the crying and often pitiable spiritual hunger of our fellow-men?

How often have I read articles and seen sermon titles which reflect, not the broad acres of human perplexity, but rather the highly speculative and even idiosyncratic intellectual games which the preacher is playing with himself in public. No church, desiring to appeal to the broad base of our common humanity can be so

exclusive. With such a program we shall at best achieve a highly unstable combination of amused dissidents, or, at worst, we shall be written off as a noble experiment gone to seed. Like all Unitarians, I believe that creeds are self-defeating. However comfortable they may be to some people, they militate against the very values they were constructed to conserve. This is so because man, to be truly and constructively religious from age to age, must enjoy freedom in God. I believe nonetheless that there has been an ascertainable consensus among Unitarians of the great tradition on certain basic questions which are called our Unitarian heritage. I venture to suggest four such areas of consensus. (1) That men should be free to worship God as their consciences direct, and to follow wherever an honest pursuit of the truth may lead. Hence the most wide-spread of all convictions among Unitarians: that ours shall be a church without a creed. (2) That man is a child of God, endowed with reason, and placed in a reasonable world that is good; that it is not only the right but the duty of man to approach God, and all books and scriptures which men regard as speaking for him, with a reasonable and reverent mind. (3) That for men in the culture of the Western World the focus and magnetic field of our religious and moral orientation is the life and teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, whom we love, revere, and own as Master, but do not worship as God, because One is our Heavenly Father, even God. (4) That the religious and moral life we share as Unitarians should show its acceptable fruit in high moral character, love of our fellow-men, even the unlovely, and in social action that looks toward a day of universal peace and brotherhood, and the realization of that Kingdom for which our Great Exemplar lived and died.

Perhaps this is as far as Unitarians generally will go; but I would go farther and I suspect there are many who would go along with me. I will follow Channing in what Robert Lee Patterson has called the "Idea of essential sameness." Let me quote the concluding paragraph with which Patterson closes his study of Channing: "If the theistic hypothesis is to be vindicated in the face of its enemies, has not Channing indicated the way in which it must be done? A personal God, *one* in the sense that man is *one, good* in the sense that man is *good, loving* in the sense that man *loves;* his attributes essentially the same though he be exempt from limitation—here is a Being who can be understood, can be loved. No nobler apology for any religion was ever framed, no more optimistic affirmation was ever uttered than the sentence in which Channing expressed the substance of his faith, 'There is no good too vast for me to anticipate for the universe or for ourselves from such a Father as we believe in.' "

Channing believed that within the limitation he described God is knowable, and so do I. And if I were asked to explain how I can conceive the God of the universe as knowable and personal, I could do no better, indeed not half so well, as the explanation given by Albert Schweitzer when he writes: "There is an ocean—cold water without motion. In this ocean, however, is the Gulf Stream—hot water flowing from the Equator toward the Pole. Inquire of all scientists how it is physically imaginable that a stream of hot water flows between the waters of the ocean, which, so to speak, form its banks, the moving within the motionless, the hot within the cold. No scientist can explain it. Similarly, there is the God of love within the God of the forces of the universe, one with him, yet so totally different. We let ourselves be seized and carried away by that vital stream."

Now it is freely and clearly recognized that there are Unitarians who will have none of God, much less a personal God. There is no question about their right to hold and propagate these views. But by the same token can there be any question about our right to believe in, teach, love, trust, worship and obey a personal God whom Jesus addressed as Father?

Some have called this devisive. I call it reasonable, right and proper, and in the Unitarian tradition. Some call it argumentative. I call it by a different name: I call it my witness to what we deeply believe. This raises a very important question. If we are to consider our Unitarian heritage, which of these answers can be shown to be nearer to the broad stream of that heritage? Let us be quite clear on this point. Unitarianism is a broadly based movement which shelters many diverse and even conflicting points of view. Neither theist nor non-theist may be denied his place in our church if he chooses to live and work within this generous tolerance of each other. But occasions have arisen, and may arise again, when those of us who call ourselves Christians have been regarded as something less than *bona fide* Unitarians, when we insist that the literature and public relations of our church should clearly show that theism and the centrality of Jesus have been part of our heritage and abide so even today. Some of us, for all our willingness not to see occasions for offense, are disturbed at what sometimes appears to be a less than forthright approach to the solution of the humanist-Christian controversy. We believe that like Abraham Lincoln we are entitled to say and must say to our aggressively humanist brethren: "You have registered a vow in Heaven to destroy the Government, while I have the most solemn oath to preserve, protect, and defend it." To deny us the right of protest would be intolerable, and we cannot and should

not be expected to agree with the "sweet reasonableness" that would have us become poor relations or second class citizens within our Unitarian heritage.

Let us look once again at the question I have asked: "Is it not our real duty in this hour of moral and spiritual crisis to maintain and transmit the Unitarian faith and heritage to a world that so sorely needs it?"

For myself I cannot imagine a negative response to that question from any one who has found vitality and enrichment of his spiritual life in Unitarian faith and practice. Our difficulties and differences lie in another area. There are sharp divisions among us as to what that faith and heritage is; and in the spirit of freedom each of us has the right to make his own determination. For myself I feel that the core of our heritage is in the freedom we enjoy *in* God. It is by no means a yearning or desire for freedom *from* God.

There may be those in our Fellowship who will demand that much sharper lines be drawn on what makes a Unitarian. On the other hand, they will demand to know what we have in common with self-confessed and often aggressive atheistic humanism, or with those in orthodox communions who profess the name of Christ and yet deny us the name and fellowship of Christians because we cannot, and will not accept the antiquated formulation of their creeds. It is a sufficient answer to both groups, I believe, to say that as we cherish freedom for ourselves we must grant it to others. We are fellow human beings, striving as best we can to arrive at truth. Those who differ with us are not our enemies but our brothers, and by our own faith we are all the beloved children of one Father.

NOTICE

The Fall meeting of the Unitarian Christian Fellowship will be held on Monday evening, October 24, at the Edward Everett Hale Chapel, 64 Marlborough Street, Boston. Supper at 6; Service of Consecration at 6.30; speakers to follow the service.

Mr. Constant Wendell will report on the Detroit Conference of last August.

Rev. Rowland Gray-Smith will report on the Congress of the International Association for Liberal Christianity and Religious Freedom in Belfast, Ireland, of last July.

Mr. Ralph Lazzaro will lead the discussion.

Unitarian Christian Fellowship

To Members and Friends, Greetings!

An increasing number of people are joining the Unitarian Christian Fellowship because they find in this organization and its quarterly publication, THE UNITARIAN CHRISTIAN, a medium for preserving and strengthening the Christian essence of Unitarianism — an uncompromising belief in the reality of God and a hearty acceptance of the spiritual leadership of Jesus as our way of life.

In this period of religious bewilderment we feel urged to offer our religious convictions to the thought of our day; convictions based upon the words and spirit of one whose timeliness makes him, in spite of the intervening nineteen centuries, the most modern of modern men, and the paramount influence for bringing spiritual and moral order to our troubled world.

We invite you to join us in this modest service to our times which may prove to be a means by which Christianity, as we know it, will be preserved and handed down to the future generations. By signing and returning the enclosed blank with $2.00 you will become a subscriber to THE UNITARIAN CHRISTIAN and a member of the Unitarian Christian Fellowship for the current season.

We believe you will find THE UNITARIAN CHRISTIAN most interesting and helpful. Its aim is to be:

- *Not dogmatic, but suggestive.*
- *Not controversial, but provocative of your own thought.*
- *Not blindly conservative, nor defiantly radical, but always open-minded.*
- *An effort to seek the truth by preserving "all the good the past hath had," especially the words and personality of Jesus of Nazareth, and by reverently comparing notes with one another.*
- *In short, an intimate conversation in print.*

We extend a hearty welcome to all subscribers, old and new, large and small. However, in order that we may do full justice to the work in hand, we make an earnest appeal for the larger contributions.

Sincerely yours,

CHARLES E. PARK, CARL A. SEAWARD, CONSTANT WENDELL

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